

Coming home

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Summary: "He knows he didn't reassure her, and even though he'd do anything to make her feel better, he's painfully aware that on this one, he can't. So for now, he just gets into the bathtub with her, watching her face go from shock to disbelief as she warns him of what's going to happen. Again, she's right, but she's smiling, and it's all worth it." Deleted scene from Dawn of Justice.

## Coming home

He knows he didn't reassure her, and even though he'd do anything to make her feel better, he's painfully aware that on this one, he can't.

After all, that's the whole point: him, prioritizing her over anything. Clark knows she's right, and that Superman isn't supposed to put her well-being in front of everything else, yet how can he not?

So for now, he just gets into the bathtub with her, watching her face go from shock to disbelief as she warns him of what's going to happen. Again, she's right, but she's smiling, and it's all worth it.

His heart starts beating a little faster when he feels her laugh against his lips - as it keeps happening even though they've been together for almost two years - and as she kisses him back, fingers in his hair, he remembers just how much he missed her.

He always does, when she's away, and it amazes him how in so little time, the fierce woman he met in a cold military base became the center of his whole universe.

Of course, he can always know where she is - and, given her fearlessness in front of danger, thank God for that - but when she's on a work trip, he doesn't follow her. It's never been a question: it goes without saying for him. Which is great, because he's pretty sure that the independent, strong-headed Lois Lane would have no problem

kicking her boyfriend's ass if he followed her around like a bodyguard, even with said boyfriend being Superman.

But Clark does miss her, and after what happened in Nairobi, he's even more relieved to have her back in his arms.

He's pretty sure his hungry kisses let her know that.

She throws his glasses on the floor, looking at him the way that makes him feel that rush he usually feels when he flies or she tells him she loves him, and he kisses her nose, her cheeks, her chin. She chuckles again, and then her smile takes an all new meaning when she tilts his head up from her neck and reaches for his lips again, her small hands making their way under his shirt.

"You're really overdressed for that bathtub, Kent", and the combination of her voice, her skin, and her touch is making him accurately aware of the fact that they hadn't been together like that for weeks.

That really needed to be fixed.

So he obediently does what he's told and straightens up to take the offending item off, a small smirk making his way to his face when she unconsciously " but not unusually " stare. He raises an eyebrow at her when her eyes finally meet his, and she doesn't even look ashamed.

"Oh, don't let it go to your head", she splashes water at him, laughing. "And come back here."

There isn't much talking for a while, after that.

When they finally do get out, they can only see how very pertinent her warning was: the tube is ninety percent empty, and all of what used to be in it covers the floor, his shoes, jacket and shirt thrown on it included. Not that he's sorry in any way, really.

He does make sure she doesn't slip, getting out first and extending his hand for her to do the same safely.

"Wow, I really did flood the apartment, didn't I?", he chuckles as he grabs her towel and envelops her in it from behind, dropping a kiss to her neck as he does.

"You certainly did. And where did your pants land?"

"Uh...that\_ is a good question", because he can't see it either, despite the size of the room. He looks around as he tugs his own towel around his hips, brows knitting in confusion, and he catches her shaking her head at him, a soft smile on the lips she's biting.

She reaches up and kisses him again, and even though she's not touching him, Clark feels it in his all body. "I love you too, you know", she whispers before pulling away. "Now please tell me you have some kind of Kryptonian super power to drain the pool that is now our bathroom floor."

Once everything's cleaned up and everyone's dry, he makes her dinner

as planned, making sure to take her notes from Africa out of her hands and settling her in front of the TV to change her mind. He knows she's going to spend days thinking, and probably feeling guilty about all of this; he wants to delay that as much as possible, even if the furthest he can manage is one evening.

She abandons the living room five minutes in and comes to talk to him while he cooks instead, curling up in one of the diner table's chair, head on her knees. She asks about what's new at the office, if he's making progress on that article he wanted so much to show to Perry, how Martha is, if his favorite team ended up winning the Kansas Cup â€" which makes him smile, because he knows she really doesn't care much for sport, and is just asking because she knows he likes talking about it. Her voice sounds more and more sleepy, and he makes a mental note to take her straight to bed after she's eaten something, even though it will probably be only nine o'clock by then.

"Didn't get much sleep in the plane, huh?", he asks as he puts the final touches to their plates, and she confirms.

"The guy next to me was the loudest snorer ever, so that didn't really help", she says, gently rubbing his arm in gratitude when he puts her food in front of her. "Thanks, babe."

"And that's all that stopped you from sleeping?", and he's well aware that it's not.

She can say she's fine all she wants â€" and she will - but he knows she's everything but. He saw it when he came back to her after dragging that so-called General away from her, two days ago, and find her face drained from any color, hands slightly trembling. He saw it when they left the small habitat she was held in, and her heartbeat raced up at the sight of all the bodies, including her partner's, laying lifeless on the ground.

He's seeing in her eyes now, and in the way she drops his gaze and puts up a smile, trying to avoid the subject.

"Yeah â€" don't worry, it's nothing", and she sighs at the looks he gives her. "Really, Clark. I was just...shaken a little, that's all. I'm fine now; I'm safe." She smiles again, and he tries to do the same.

When they get into bed that night, he still makes sure she feels like it, and wraps his body around hers, legs entangled, squeezing back when she laces their fingers together and holds on.

"Thank you for coming to save me, Superman", she whispers as she falls asleep, breathing finally slowing. He kisses her shoulder, lingering a little before allowing himself to close his eyes, too.

"Always."

End  
file.